

JEALOUSY.

And, tell me not, as love is true,
Sweetheart, you have no other love;
Shine, slightly, when I come to woo,
I see him near you shyly love.

When autumn fires blaze and flare,
Or when the summer moonlight's mellow,
He loves to linger near your chair,
He is a most persistent fellow!

And then a dreamy, tender look
Grows in your eyes—a mute confession:
Your head droops, passive, over your book;
I sigh, but leave you with discretion.

I know he comes to take my place;
I've stayed too late—a stupid blunder!
To greet his kiss you turn your face,
And I am jealous. Do you wonder?

There, do not put and feign surprise,
Nor seek at jealous lovers' light;
The sleep, consumed of your eyes,
Who woe you, little sweetheart, night!

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

HIS MOTHER.

A Devoted Son and a Scandalous Sweetheart.

The cold-gray shadows of the winter twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, and factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a basso relieve that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river, like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day foreman in the rolling-mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by John Biter, the night official; and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard-frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charles?" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean to the opera."

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town of Crystalton, a genuine New York company with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delighted expectation.

"I am going," said Mr. Emery, slowly, "but not with you."

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison Vail, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of the party. Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowses and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you."

"I have engaged myself to another lady," Emery replied, after a second or so of hesitation.

Vail laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he, "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight, in case you should see fit to change your mind. Only let me give you a word of warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-spirited girl; it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go to see "The Masque," and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charles," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it's twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young girl whom you would rather take—"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling little mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be so delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery.

And her voice and eyes bore happy witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked very differently to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

When he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother, with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk bonnet, and the one opal brooch which she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charles; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream biscuit, and the kettle is nearly at the boil. Oh, Charles, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel exactly like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with some one else?" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of Crystalton, and rather an heiress in her own right, with all the rest. She certainly liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her also. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue corn flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else?" she repeated. "Well, of course he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul one fervent fire of girlish resentment, the gnawing pang of jealousy that disturbed her all the while that she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up.

Until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Mr. Emery entered with his mother.

And then Kate's overcast face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gas lights had all of a sudden been turned

up, as if all the mimic world of the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter in her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of Miss Bonville de Vogue, the prima donna, never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfect!"

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charles Emery, with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come to sit with us?"

Kate bit her lip. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion; but she said, in a low, earnest tone:

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his politeness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charles Emery's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them, almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed vivid scarlet at the certainty—that he had heard her words.

"Charles," said little Mrs. Emery, looking in her son's face, as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow, which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl?"

"What girl, mother?" with a little pardonable hypocrisy.

"The one, Charles, with the big blue eyes, and the sweet face, wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has a face like an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day the foreman of the rolling-mills went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red-brick gables, sheeted over with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of busy Crystalton.

"Miss Marcy," he declared, "without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with mere cold respect, Miss Marcy. I want a warmer, tenderer feeling toward myself. If you could teach yourself to love me—"

The dimples came out around Kate Marcy's coral-red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"The lesson is already learned, Mr. Emery," said she. "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And the foreman of the rolling-mills went home, envying neither king nor prince that day.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so good to that dear little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked half so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head, in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

"You see," said Emery, laughing at her enthusiasm, "I agreed with the hero of the old Scotch ballad:

"Sweethearts I may get many a one,
But of mothers I never another."

—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MEAT.

Excessive Fatness in the Meat Product of the United States.

Meat is a manufactured product for which a large amount of raw material is required. The manufacture of meat is a process of transforming the vegetable protein, fats, and carbohydrates of grass and grain into the animal protein and fat of beef, pork and mutton. The same principle applies in the production of milk, eggs and other animal foods. In the most economical feeding of animals it takes a number of pounds of hay or corn to make a pound of beef or pork. In other words, let the farmer make animal protein and fat from vegetable materials in the best way he can, and still he must consume a large quantity of soil product to produce a small amount of animal food. Hence animal foods are costlier than vegetable. This is the simple explanation of the fact that in most parts of the world meat is the food of only the well to do while the poor live almost entirely on vegetable food. Thus ordinary people in Europe eat but little meat, and in India and China they have none at all. It is hard enough for them to get the nutrient they need in vegetable forms. Meats they cannot afford.

But meat making in the United States to-day is far more wasteful than it need be, on account of the excessive fatness of our meats. This comes about very naturally. We have a great excess of soil product in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi and on the ranches of the west. At present the pork maker and the ranchman convert a large portion of this into very fat meat. The pork producers of the great corn growing states select the breeds of swine which, as they say, "will take the most corn to market," and have thus got into the way of growing animals that are little else than masses of fat. The beef-growers of the western ranches, and those in the east as well, produce excessively fat meat. Part of the fat is trimmed out of the meat by the butcher, part is left on our plates at the table to go to the soap man or garbage barrel, and part is eaten. Unfortunately very many of us eat much more than fat, both in meat and butter, than is needed for nourishment, and thus do injury to our health.—Century.

To Harden Iron All Through.

Ox hoofs and leather are soaked in French nut oil, and are then burnt, pulverized and mixed with sea salt and potash. The following proportions are used: 20 per cent. of hoofs, 20 per cent. of leather, 30 per cent. of sea salt, 10 per cent. of potash. This product is said to harden iron all through.

Charcoal Destroys Smells.

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of any kind by rinsing them out well with powdered charcoal after they have been scoured with sand and soap.

To Keep Silver Bright.

Put camphor gum with your new silverware, and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in compounds, as that gives it a white appearance.

Lighting the Great House.

It is proposed to light the dome of St. Paul's with electricity.

TOMORROW
AND FIVE DAYS THEREAFTER

THE TOWER
WILL SELL

65 CHINCHILLA OVERCOATS, MEN'S SIZES,

FOR \$3.25!

The former price was FIVE DOLLARS. We only ask sixty-five cents on the dollar for them, which is a discount of 35 per cent.

EVERY OVERCOAT IN OUR STOCK MUST GO!

Money making days for heavy goods are past. We want room for ensuing season's stock. We pulverize prices on OVERCOATS. Now is a good time to buy a good suit at a very low price. See our special prices on WINTER CAPS.

HUDSON'S **TOWER CLOTHING CO** HUDSON'S

AT THE

GIANT

Our justly celebrated and successful PANIC SALE has enabled us to unload a great quantity of clothing within the last month. As might be expected, this sale has left us with a great amount of broken lots and odd sizes. It is not our policy to let this loose stock accumulate, and to get rid of these odds and ends, we started a


Special Clearing Sale

Which will eclipse anything of the kind heretofore. All goods will be sold regardless of profit, regardless of cost and regardless of everything, except that we wish to get rid of them. Although these lots are mostly odd sizes, we will have something to please you in your size, and think of buying a suit and an overcoat at just about the former price of the suit alone.

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SPECIAL NOTICE!

Greatest Shoe Sale in the History of the City.

Having received part of the large shoe stock of Marshall & Wrights, retail dealers of the East, we will sell part on

TUESDAY, JAN. 5,
—AT—

M. EHRLMAN'S SHOE STORE
69 CANAL STREET.

Remember for this day only, Tuesday, Jan. 5. The stock comprises the following goods, which will be sold this day:

A lot of Child's Kid Button Shoes, sizes from 2 to 5, will be sold at 9 cts
Worth 40 cents—special bargain.

23 cases Misses' Rubbers, sizes from 11 to 2, will be sold at 8 cts
Worth 35 cents—just think.

19 cases Men's Rubber Boots, sizes from 6 to 10, will be sold at \$1.29
Cheap at \$2.50—don't miss getting a pair.

395 pairs Ladies' Fine Kid Button Shoes, all solid leather in C, D and E lasts, sizes 2½ to 7, a splendid shoe, any style, opera or common sense, will be sold at 96c
Regular price on these goods, \$2.50—a splendid shoe and a bargain.

92 pairs Child's Kid Heel Button Shoes, with tips, sizes 12 to 2, you can buy at 73c
Worth \$1.50—dirt cheap.

Numerous Other Goods in the same proportion.

Remember, this Great Sale is for this day only—
TUESDAY, JAN. 5, at

M. EHRLMAN'S SHOE STORE,
69 CANAL STREET.
SALE BEGINS TUESDAY, JAN. 5, at 8 a. m.